*Em.* But now my Lord.
*Oth.* It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
*Em.* *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a young *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
*Oth.* *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?
*Em.* No, *Cassio* is not kild.
*Oth.* Not *Cassio* kild? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet reuenge growes harsh.
*Des.* O falsly, falsly murdered.
*Em.* Ahlas, what cry is that?
*Oth.* That, what?
*Em.* Out and alas, it was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet mistresse speake.
*Des.* A guiltlesse death I die.
*Em.* O who has done this deed?
*Des.* Nobody, I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *she dies.*
*Oth.* Why how should she be murdered?
*Em.* Alas, who knowes?
*Oth.* You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.
*Em* She sayd so, I must needs report a truth.
*Oth.* She's like a lyer gone to burning hell,
T'was I that kild her.
*Em.* O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker deuill.
*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
*Em* Thou doest bely her and thou art a deuill.
*Oth.* She was false as water.
*Em.* Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.
*Oth.* *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
*Em.* My husband:

*Oth.*



*Oth.* Thy husband.
*Em.* That she was fa
*Oth.* I, with *Cassio*:
If heauen would make m
Of one intire and perfe
I'de not haue sold her for
*Em.* My husband?
*Oth.* I, twas he that
An honest man he is, and
That stickes on filthy de
*Em.* My husband?
*Oth.* What needs thi
*Em.* Oh Mistres, vill
My husband say that she
*Oth.* He woman, I say
My friend, thy husband,
*Em.* If he say so, may
Rot halfe a graine a day
She was too fond of her m
*Oth.* Ha?
*Em.* Doe thy worst;
This deed of thine is no m
Then thou wast worthy
*Oth.* Peace, you were
*Em.* Thou hast not ha
As I haue to be hurt; O
As ignorant as durt; tho
I care not for thy sword,
Tho I lost twenty liues:
The Moore has kild my M

*Enter* Montano,
*Mon.* What is the ma
*Em* O, are you come
That men must lay their m
*Gra.* What is the mat
*Em.* Disprooue this v
He sayes thou toldst him

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN